

Abandoning the past

by achoo2015

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Summary: My interpretation of the dragons side of the story and their society. This involves mostly Toothless's past and its in the same AU as A New Legend.

1. Prologue

****Thanks to P-Artsypants for being my beta reader and for her support in writing this story.
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****So this story is basically my idea of how the dragon world works and will explain from where Toothless got the name Waelise. It will be only a three chapter story.****

****There will be some violent scenes and minor gore, but not so much in this chapter.****

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><p>"DRAGON ATTACK!" A viking yelled, running towards his village. Soon the entire village was swarming with vikings trying to light torches and to prepare the defensive for the battle that was about to come.<p>

"PREPARE THE CATAPULTS!" A bulky man yelled, walking through the madness that was unleashed in the village. The dragons hadn't even arrived yet, but the village already looked chaotic enough with all the vikings running around grabbing weapons, lighting fires and making last minute barricades in different key points. A non-viking person wouldn't be able to figure out if those vikings were attacking the village, or defending it. After all, the viking was a very ungraceful creature. They were famous for being fat, hairy, strong and very, very stubborn. Once a viking had an idea, he would never, ever abandon it.

Just like the _idea_ that they found an island and they could just settle in, not caring about the other creatures that inhabited the island for hundreds of years before they arrived here.

A good example in this situation was the moment when vikings first arrived here, on the dragon's hunting grounds, a few hundred years ago; after they settled in, they just proclaimed themselves 'owners'. It didn't matter that the dragons lived and hunted on those islands for thousands of years before the humans arrived here. No, after just a few decades from the arrival of the new _creatures_, the dragons were now the _intruders_, they were now the ones that tried to _steal_ from the vikings.

So the dragons did the only thing they could, they raided the new founded villages on their islands, trying to scavenge as much livestock as possible . And in their madness, the Queens ordered more violent and aggressive attacks, in the hope to make those new _pests_ to just go back from where they came from. The Queens didn't care about the dragons that died, about the hundreds of injured servants that would return to the nests, about the different species almost brought to the verge of extinction because of their ignorance. In years, each of the nine Queens would end to 'specialize' herself with only a few species of dragons, the ones that were still under their influence or hadn't died yet.

But as the number of dragons became smaller, so did the amount of food the dragons would bring back to the Queens, in turn, making the power of the Queens to slowly fade. As the Queens began to lose their influence, large numbers of dragons managed to escape and seek refuge in the wildness. Those dragons were known as _rogue dragons_ to their society.

But the dragons were mostly simple minded creatures, so those who managed to escape the Queens, lost their interest in revenge, they ended up forgetting about all those dragons still under the influence of the Queens, they simple abandoned brothers, sisters, friends, family, for a better life, alone. The _rogue dragons_ ended going back to the old hunting grounds, hiding near the viking settlements, still hunting in their woods and fishing in their waters. Others tried to find new islands, uninhabited by the bipedal 'pests'. The dragons that tried to live in the shadow of the humans became to be known simply as wild dragons, feral dragons, if you please, to the vikings. Just small groups of dragons, living in the forests, waiting for unsuspecting humans to wander in their territory, to kill them.

Those dragons lived without a solid purpose except their basic instincts of survival. Over the decades those dragons managed to destroy their link to the Queens for good, allowing them to live without any concerns, except for vikings. The humans still considered them dangerous, even if they stopped raiding their villages, even after they stopped attacking their ships, even after they isolated themselves on some small islands, the vikings would still hunt them, they would still try to kill them. Even after they abandoned the Queens, the vikings still wanted to kill every one of them, to the last living hatchling.

So they fought back. They created small groups, each one of them lead by a powerful dragon, one who was able to protect them. Most of those groups covered a single breed, like a swarm of Deadly

Nadders or Terrible Terrors. But there were also groups with very diversified species. Tens of Gronckles and Hideous Zipplebacks living with small Terrors, or Hotburples while being leaded by a small family of Monstrous Nightmares or Rumblehorns. Those dragons tried to unite themselves against the attacking vikings, wanting only to live in peace with the invaders. Those dragons never attacked unless provoked.

And for the other dragons, those who didn't managed to escape, they got to the point where they almost lost their free will. After the large loss in numbers, the Queens began to strengthen the link between them and the dragons still under their control, wanting to make them lose any wish of escape, wanting to make their only wish to be to serve them. So the dragon world was divided between feral dragons and mindless servantsâ€|well, mostly.

"DON'T LET THOSE NADDERS STEAL OUR SHEEP!" The bulky man commanded to some vikings. After the dragons began their raid, the vikings tried anything to protect themselves, anything to protect the animals that rightfully belonged to the Queens. Just as always, the Zipplebacks were supposed to create chaos and confusion, destroying as many buildings as possible, the Gronckles and the Hotburples were supposed to distract the vikings, create minor destruction or problems, even fight if needed, while the Nadders would try to steal the livestock and the food from the village, or to take out small groups of isolated vikings. And in some certain situations, especially on the raids of big villages, there would be Monstrous Nightmares trying to hurt or immobilize as many vikings as possible, making the job of the other a lot easier.

"FIRE THE CATAPULTS! PUSH THOSE BEAST BACK TO HELHEIM FROM WHERE THEY CRAWLED OUT!" The bulky man yelled once again, fighting of a Monstrous Nightmare. The fight was going in the favor of the vikings, so today, just as many times before, the dragons were slowly pushed back, almost to the point where they would retreat, but also today, as many times before, there was a distinct noise, rather distant at first, but it slowly got louder until everyone knew that they didn't stand a chance, until everyone knew that there is no more hope for winning.

"NIGHT FURY!" A man yelled as the village was filled with huge purple explosions, destroying the catapults, destroying the buildings and even maiming or killing some vikings. Just as many times before, the only Queen that still had Night Furies in her army didn't hesitate to use them to assure yet another meal for her.

After the village was almost in ruins, the remaining dragons quickly gathered as much food as they could possibly carry, to bring back to satisfy the hunger of their Queen. They all knew that if they failed at this, the consequences would be extreme. However, the Night Furies were always excused for not bringing food back, after all, they were the most esteemed and powerful dragons known and it was a great honor for any Queen to have them, but the fact that the Night Furies belonged only to one Queen, kind of reduced a lot of their previous advantages. They were still high in the nest's hierarchy, they were still respected and feared by the other dragons, but on many different occasions, the insubordinate or weak members of the Night Fury family were executed. The Queen only wanted the hatchlings that had the best chances of surviving and becoming a strong additions to her army. Any young Night Fury that was slightly sick or weak at

birth, would be killed by the other dragons, even if an older Night Fury would dare to disobey her, they would be killed. Those honorable dragons were living under the permanent terror of the Queen. While the Night Furies were humiliated by the Queen, they were still highly respected by the other dragons.

The Night Furies were also one of the few dragons that were able to resist the influence of the Queen. The only reason the Queen managed to control them was because those they were letting her. The last of their species lived in that nest and if something were to happen, they would become extinct, so they needed the protection of the Queen. The mass executions were slowly reducing their numbers, but, it was a necessary evil since the Night Furies were quite the trophies. For vikings and for dragons. Not a lot of dragons could say that they fought and bested a Night Fury. It was a great honor for a dragon to defeat a Night Fury and so was for a viking. So in the end, the Night Furies wouldn't be able to survive on their own because of their fame and prestige. So those dragons needed the power of the Queen to protect them.

For mindless creatures the viking thought the dragons were, they sure had a pretty well organized nest, they had a very efficient hierarchy. At the lowest lever were the dragons that were bringing food and doing most of the 'dirty work', the Gronckles and their relatives, the Deadly Nadders, the Hideous Zippleback, the Terrible Terrors, for the nests that still had the small dragon and the Whispering Deaths. Next in command were the Monstrous Nightmares, the Thunderdrums, for the nests that still had those and the Rumblehorns, those dragons had a little more power over the others because of their somewhat more advanced intellect and physical strength. And the only ones that were in command before the Queen were the Night Furies and the Stormcutters, every other dragon would listen to the orders of a Night Fury or a Stormcutters, those two dragons existed on only three nests, the second species existing in two different nests. Both those species were powerful and prestigious, but they were not rivals, each of those dragons would threat the other with the respect they deserved. But both of those species were also quite proud, so they wouldn't forgive an insult at their name.

Even the dragon families on every nest had a leader. That leader would be the messenger between the dragons and the Queen in most situations. Each group of dragons would chose the strongest and the most respected of their species as their representative in front of the Queen.

The leader of the Night Furies was Hvite Kongen, one of the few dragons that had the honor to carry two names. Hvite Kongen was a powerful Night Fury, bigger than most of his species, but also quite agile and a lot stronger, not to mention his far superior intellect, but his most representative feature was the fact that he was fully white. The only white Night Fury. The only Night Fury that carried the title of Elder Dragon. In almost a century of war with the vikings, he was still unhurt from all the raids he lead and all the battles he fought. Most dragons would die of old age or disease before they reached that age, but Hvite Kongen was still as strong and agile as in his younger days. He was the Queen's right hand, or wing. He was involved in every action the Queen made against the vikings or the other dragons. But as respected and feared he was among the other dragons, the Night Furies despised him. With all his experience and strength he would be able to defeat the Queen and

adopt the role of Alpha, but he refused to do such thing. He refused to defend his family when the Queen ordered the executions of their hatchlings, he turned a blind eye when the older members of his family were killed by the orders of the Queen. Most of the times he was the one that carried out the sentence.

One of the few things that kept him going was the idea that he was serving the greater good, that he was serving the Queen that blessed them with her protection. He always thought it was just a small sacrifice to be paid for the Queen's shield. Hvite Kongen went so far to even sacrifice two of his six hatchlings at the Queens orders. In time he stopped to receive any respect and affection from his family. He sacrificed his next of kin for the Queen and the honor of being second in command. He was so blinded by the desire to protect his family that he got to the point of being despised by them. The great Hvite Kongen, one of the strongest and most deadly dragons to ever live, was also one of the most ignorant and foolish dragons.

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As the winter was closing by, so was the mating season for the dragons. All the dragons laid their eggs in the different caves where they lived. Most of the more inferior species would help each other to raise the young hatchlings, living in a very close community, while the more superior dragons were overprotective and wouldn't allow another dragon to get close to their hatchlings, this was no exception for the Night Furies. A few days after the eggs hatched, Hvite Kongen would come and inspect the young additions to the family and later he would give a report to the Queen about their current conditions with the young dragons, later the Queen would decide which of the dragons were too weak or sick to be left alive. Every Night Fury hated that moment. A beautiful moment like the birth of their hatchlings was destroyed by the ruthless leader they had chosen a long time ago and still didn't have the power to dethrone.

As Hvite Kongen slowly walked and examined the young hatchlings, there were a few that got his attention. So he approached the three young dragons and their parents and looked at them for a few seconds, thinking about the best approach about those three young dragons, then he said without any trace of remorse or hesitation. 'They are too weak. They won't survive through the winter.'

'You can't say that! Who are you too judge?!' The male Night Fury growled at Hvite Kongen, getting in an protective position around his hatchlings.

'I was chosen by the Queen. You had chosen me as your representative, so that gives me the power to judge.'

'If you are going to kill them anyway, why did you come to tell us?' The female Night Fury asked.

'I wanted to give you the chance to make proper 'Goodbyes.' I will return after I will inspect the others and carry the sentence.' Hvite Kongen said turning around and starting to leave them.

'YOU'RE A WORM!' The male Night Fury barked, charging at the Elder Dragon. As the dragon was close to Hvite Kongen, the white Night Fury quickly turned and tackled the younger dragon, with his far more superior strength, he brought his foolish opponent to the ground, but

he didn't stopped there, he grabbed the neck of his opponent with his fangs and threw the younger dragon into the side of the cave, as he slowly approached to check if the younger Night Fury was still alive, the female Night Fury charged at the old dragon, in a desperate action to help her mate, but Hvite Kongen turned and knocked her down with a powerful fire blast. As he finally arrived at now his injured opponent, he said.

'You still have time to say 'Goodbye' to your hatchlings. You don't have to foolishly waste your life protecting the weak.'

'I won't let you hurt them!'

'Is this your final decision?' Hvite Kongen asked unimpressed.

'You're a worthless worm!' The younger Night Fury barked. The Elder Dragon just brought his right foot on top of the other Night Fury's head and slowly started to press it. He ignored all the struggle and the noises his younger opponent was making and he didn't stopped pressing until he finally heard a crack. Blood started to flow from under his paw and the younger dragons slowly started to calm down. After the younger dragon stopped moving at all, he took a few steps back and looked at the now dead and almost headless dragon.

'Such a shame...' He muttered as he turned around and continued his inspection. As he was slowly departing from the body, the cave was filled with the cries of the young female Night Fury, the young dragon that just lost her mate and would soon lose her hatchlings. But this was rather normal in this period, so no one really tried to help her or at least to try and comfort her.

In the end, from almost fifty hatchlings only six were too weak to survive. The rest of the inspection was pretty uneventful, only a few hatchlings caught his attention, in a good way, and weirdly enough, they were all brothers.

As he was walking through the dragons, watching the young hatchlings, four of those small dragons tried to attack him, playfully of course, what could four young Night Furies that didn't even had claws yet do to him? As he was assaulted by the young dragons, he felt something that he didn't feel in a long time. A powerful feeling of sympathy towards the young dragons, something that almost felt like joy, the need to play with them. So he gracefully faked his death and the four young Night Furies were looking proud at their job. After a small dramatic pause, he gently got up, trying not to hurt the young dragons and actually tried to chase them, playfully of course. He spent more than a hour running after and from the four young dragons. To his surprise, no one wanted to intervene, not even their parents seemed outraged by this. Everyone hated him and he knew that, but never after he was named the Queens right hand had anyone from his species tried to be friends with him. This was a first. And he was hardly mad about it. For the first time in decades, he felt attached to someone from his own species.

The Elder Dragon watched as the four hatchlings grow and sometimes he actually got involved in their training and education. The young Night Furies were overjoyed by this. Of course they heard about his crimes and all the mistakes he made, but everything seemed so far away and insignificant for them. Even if he just killed six

hatchlings a few months ago, when they were born, they didn't seemed affected by it. The young dragons were fascinated about Hvite Kongen's war stories and battle experience. They were also quite fascinated by his uniqueness. In the end they spent a lot of time together, playing, telling stories and training. The Elder Dragon would even bring the four young Night Furies to the Queen, or to the other dragons in the nest while preparing for raids or simply inspecting the other dragons. No one would dare to hurt them while he was there and by doing that, the four young dragons grew more curious about the other dragons and engaged in a lot of 'fights' with the other hatchlings from different species.

As years passed by, the four young Night Furies managed to become some of the most efficient dragon fighters that lived in that nest. Hvite Kongen never brought the young dragons on any real raids against the vikings, on a few certain occasions he attacked with them a few fishing boats, so that the young dragons can see the humans and to know what to expect from them. As time passed by, the raids that Hvite Kongen would have to plan became more frequent, so they didn't spent as much time together as before. But when the Elder Dragon was not with them, the four young dragons would go and race between themselves and sometimes they would even go to pick fights with different wild dragons, just for fun.

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Baldr was the biggest of the four siblings. He was larger than the average Night Fury of his age, but that also made him the strongest. He was a proud dragon, never refusing a challenge or backing away from a fight and never losing a chance to be in the center of attention or to show off. But just as he was big and strong, he was also rather slow and ungraceful, always preferring the most brutal and direct solution to any problems.

Byleiptr was the smallest of the four siblings. He was the most agile and quick of all of them. What he lacked in brute strength and size he made up in speed and intelligence. With his superior agility he managed to defeat foes way bigger and stronger than him, he always managed to outthink his opponent, quickly finding their weakness and using their strengths against them. He was the equivalent of a genius to his species, his abilities only being exceeded by Hvite Kongen himself. But his greatest drawback was his laziness. He was still proud and would never refuse a challenge, but he always preferred to sleep in the sun rays or feast on food he didn't work for.

Melchior was the third of the siblings. He didn't exceeded nor disappointed in strength or agility. His most remarkable ability was his almost brilliant mind. He would always try to keep his distance, analyzing the situation and coming with the best plan for the most favorable outcome. And in order to be able to maintain his distance, he had an deadly accuracy with fire blasts or with objects he managed to throw. He actually trained himself to throw rocks or large logs with his tail with an incredible accuracy, so that his shot limit wouldn't completely force him to approach the enemy.

Ska° was the one that usually caused the most destruction and problems. She was rather small for a Night Fury her age, but that allowed her to be more agile. Her playful, curious and destructive nature usually led to her almost burning down forests or destroying small caves. She was the most aggressive of the siblings, but also

the weakest in direct combat; usually being the one that started most of the fights, in the end leading to different problems with Hvite Kongen or other dragons. Even if she wasn't a very strong fighter, she knew how to create disorder and confusion among the enemies, allowing her brothers to help her and in the end, winning the fight.

In the end, by the age of three, the four dragons were quite the team and their boldness and adventurous spirit brought them enough fame to be known by other nests.

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><p>The names Baldr, Byleiptr, Melchior and SkaÃ° were made by *****P-Artsypants. And one of them is Toothless :)

>**

****Thanks for reading and please leave your oppinion on the story so far.****

2. Memories

So, here's a huge ass chapter, hope that you will find good, overall. As always, thanks to P-Artsypants for being my beta and for her support in writing this story. And thanks for your feedback on the first chapter.

* * *

><p>After the older dragons had finally returned from the last raid, the four young Night Furies searched for Hvite Kongen, wanting to find out the details about the destruction and the events of the raid. When they finally saw him, they quickly flew near him and assaulted him with questions.<p>

'Were there many vikings?' Melchior quickly asked.

'Ignore that, how many of them died?' Baldr interrupted.

'Did you raze the village?' SkaÃ° asked, interrupting Hvite Kongen just as he was about to answer the previous questions.

'Why would they raze the village? It's a lot more efficient to let the vikings raise and take care of the animals than to hunt on our own in the forests. That way we could take full grown and well fed healthy animals instead of small herds hard to catch in the wildness.' Byleiptr answered bored.

'Of course, sleepy cat!' SkaÃ° barked back sarcastically, earning a low growl from Byleiptr. The two siblings were slowly approaching each other, slit-eyed and in an aggressive stance. Even if SkaÃ° didn't really stand a chance against her brother, she would still never back down from a fight.

Just as the two dragons were about to pounce on each other, Hvite Kongen slowly got between them, making the two siblings look at him. 'Yes, there were many vikings. I have no idea how many of them died and I don't care. No, we didn't raze the village because of the

reason Byleiptr gave. And what did I tell you before?' He asked looking at each of the two dragons in turn, with a slightly disappointed look, 'We are not mindless creatures to fight each other for stupid insignificant reasons. We don't attack brother or sister over a small conflict, we need to take care of each other. In raids, we all work like a single individual unit, defending each other and delivering the most powerful blasts when needed. In the end, we achieve victory through hard work and persistence, but most of all, through teamwork and trust. SkaÃ°, if you want to rip Byleiptr's wings every time he taunts you, then how can you work with him in raids, how can you trust him? And you, Byleiptr, 'Hvite Kongen said, turning to look at the other Night Fury, 'if you keep thinking so high of yourself, then why do you still need brothers and sisters, why don't you go raid on your own, create your own nest, become the Alpha, if you are so great? Yes, you are clever and you can outthink your opponents, yes, you were from a black egg, a one of a kind! But you can't fight the world, not alone. So respect your brothers and sisters, especially those who share a blood bond with you, since those are most likely to never betray you. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to give my report to the Queen.' The Elder Dragon finished, walking past the four siblings.

The dragons looked as their leader and teacher departed through the caves until he was out of sight. The two young dragons, previously prepared to rip the other's tails off, changed a quick glance before they both turned away, slightly ashamed of their hasty reaction.

'You should apologize to each other.' Baldr said, making the SkaÃ° and Byleiptr glare at him for a few seconds, until they changed a quick glance and gave Baldr another glare.

'This should be fun.' Melchior said, slowly departing away from his brothers, already knowing what was going to happen. Baldr looked confused at him until the other two siblings charged at him, managing to bring the bigger dragon down. Even if Baldr was twice the size of his other brothers, the almost three years of fighting other dragons really showed up. SkaÃ° and Byleiptr managing to work as a team, already knowing each other's advantages and disadvantages, pinned their bigger brother to the cave's floor. The three dragons were almost playfully fighting, until Hvite Kongen returned a few minutes later, stopping them with a few annoyed growls and barks, then giving them another long talk about fraternity and teamwork.

'But we worked together, bringing Baldr down.' Byleiptr replied.

'We defended each other and worked as a team to deliver the most powerful blow we could. Just as you taught us.' SkaÃ° added.

'You need to work together to fight an enemy! Not your brother!' Hvite Kongen growled.

'But he was our enemy at that point! And we didn't seriously injure him since we know that he is also our brother and we will fight together on different occasions.' Byleiptr said.

'Yes. We are a lot more clever than we look.' SkaÃ° added, playfully hitting her brother with her tail, getting the same reaction from him. SkaÃ° and Byleiptr were a lot closer to each other than they were with their other two siblings. Maybe it had to do with them

being the smallest and the quickest of them, but that wasn't the only reason. Even if it seemed counterproductive for Byleiptr, a lazy dragon that usually spends his time sleeping, to be so close to a destructive and playful dragon, that would rarely stand still a moment, they still were. One of the reasons is that Ska° really liked to hunt and kill wild animals, enjoying the sight of blood and destruction, so, a lot of times she killed more than she could possibly eat or carry back to the nest, so she shared her hunt with her brother, allowing Byleiptr to get free food; and in return, he would protect her from other dragons when needed. And they all knew that Ska° got in a lot of problems with the other dragons, but Byleiptr didn't mind helping her every time she needed, they were making quite a good team, both of them quick and agile, both of them acting mostly on instinct to help each other fight their foes in the quickest, most efficient and gracious way. Even if Ska° seemed chaotic and almost insane sometimes, there was always a method to her madness, always managing to turn the worst situation around with the most unexpected actions, surprising their opponents, allowing Byleiptr to strike and end the fight. They were the only two dragons that could make a brutal fight look gracious, almost like a beautiful deadly dance.

'They didn't maim him or anything...' Melchior added, joining their conversation.

'That's not the point! What I'm saying is that you three are fighting each other over the stupidest things. You don't know when to take a break or when to just ignore a comment.'

'We are Night Furies, we don't ignore an insult or a challenge.' Baldr said.

'You haven't faced the worst yet. You must learn when to be humble or one day you will be humiliated and betrayed by your dearest brothers and friends.' The Elder Dragon said with a sad look. The four young sibling quickly glanced at each other, the words previously said starting to sink in and waking them to a rather cruel reality. A lot of dragons turned on each other for food or honor. Even blood brothers. Even dragons that fought in many battles and raids together, helping each other for even decades; and it could be the same for them. They haven't really faced any big challenges yet. They were Night Furies. They haven't been on any big raids and they still got as much free food and rest as they wanted, but that could also be because they were the first to be under Hvite Kongen's wing and no one dared to really challenge them because of that. But if worst comes to worst, would they really turn on each other? Would they really be that desperate to ignore all the time they spent together, and just, kill each other, like mindless beasts?

'We won't betray each other.' Byleiptr said.

'Yesterday, you were only hatchlings. There are a lot of things you haven't faced yet, but I really hope you're right, trust me, I do. That's why I'm always trying to stop you from fighting each other, because the more you fight with one another, the easier would be to hurt each other. You will get used with the idea of hurting your brothers or sister and it will be easier to fall prey to your instincts and kill him or her over stupid, worthless things. But on the other wing, if you fight together against a common foe, you will strengthen your bond with one another and will hesitate a lot more to

turn on each other.' Hvite Kongen glanced at each one of them, looking at the four young dragons swallowing the information. It would be nice if they would end up like a team forever, but that rarely happened. Even Hvite Kongen was betrayed by his brothers a long time ago, the brothers with whom he shared a lot of adventures and raids. So he was rather skeptical about all this, but if there were dragons that could forgive each other and still fight together against an enemy, he was sure that those four could be those dragons. 'Now go and play, or hunt, or something. In a half moon cycle we will raid a small village and you will be coming with us.' He said before turning around and walking away.

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Three days later.

Byleiptr was hanging from a tree, like a bat. The evening sun pleasantly warming his cold scales. The forest was almost quiet if you ignored the birds singing and the wolfs howling in the distance, but there was also the very distinguishable sound of an animal eating meat in a rather uncivilized way. A few feet near the tree, there was SkaÃ°, eating from the carcass of a deer recently hunted. In the past half hour, Byleiptr kept growling, notifying her that the noises she was making were annoying him. So she ate in silence for a few minutes before she returned to her noisy way of eating. After what was almost the tenth time, Byleiptr jumped from the tree and shot a fire blast at the deer's carcass, blowing it to pieces. SkaÃ° quickly jumped from the bloody mess and looked angry at her brother.

'Why did you do that?!' SkaÃ° growled at her brother.

'I told you to keep quiet!'

'But I was eating that!'

'What you were doing can't be called eating!' Byleiptr barked and SkaÃ° tackled him. They were rolled a few times because of the force of the jump, then they started to hit each other with their paws, not hard enough to leave a serious injure, but hard enough to be noticeable.

SkaÃ° was on Byleiptr's back, pinning him to the ground while biting his ear. He was preparing to turn them around when a twig snapped somewhere in front of them. The two dragons quickly stopped their fight and looked surprised in front of them. There were four vikings, all of them well armed, looking angry and somewhat curious at them. (Note: the dragons and vikings can't understand each other.)

"What are those?" A man asked, holding a double edged axe, preparing to charge at the slightest movement the dragons were going to make.

"I haven't seen any dragons like those. Do you think they will attack us?" A woman asked, carrying a shield and an axe.

"Of course they'll attack! Those are mindless beasts we are talking about!" Another man said, this one carrying a shield and a sword.

'I don't see any of them carrying any nets.' SkaÃ° said, carefully examining the vikings.

'There are two more hidden in the woods, somewhere to our right.'
Byleiptr added.

'I can take them if you distract those four long enough. Then I'll come back to help you.'

'Could work.' Byleiptr said. 'But what if the other two have nets? If they do you could get yourself captured and killed.'

'Then what do you propose? You are the smart one after all.'

'Noisy rat.' Byleiptr replied, thinking that her comment was sarcastic.

'No, I'm serious.'

Byleiptr didn't replied and he glanced again at the four vikings in front of them, thinking about the best way to approach this situation. 'You are more annoying than me, so why don't you distract those four while I go to take the other two, since I'm faster than you.'

'If you think that could work.' SkaÃ° replied, finally letting go of his ear. 'I'll go up, then I'll shoot a few fire blasts at them and stop them from trying to get you.'

'Good.' Byleiptr said, slowly tensing his muscles, preparing to charge after his hidden opponents when SkaÃ° takes off.

The female Night Fury slowly expanded her wings, carefully looking at the viking's reaction. They were visibly growing agitated and worried, but when one of them prepared to throw his axe at them, SkaÃ° realized that this was her signal to take off. So with a quick and powerful wing beat she was in the air, already shooting a fire blast at the group of vikings. A small yelp announced her that her brother was already doing his job. She flew in circles above the vikings, firing fire blasts when needed, to keep them in a group small enough to be easily controlled. The four vikings were looking terrified at her and kept glancing to where their companions were supposed to be. Now it was rather quiet, meaning that Byleiptr finished his job. The vikings were still looking terrified at her and at the other dragon slowly approaching the scene. It was already kind of dark, so the two dragons were mostly camouflaged and she could only imagine the situation the vikings were in. They were cornered while a big scary form was approaching them from the shadows and they just couldn't do anything about it. They can't run fast enough to escape them, they can't fight them off, they were like some mice facing two big scary cats, waiting their imminent doom.

After Byleiptr was close enough, he jumped on a tree near the group of humans, 'You did a good job.' he said, looking as SkaÃ° landed on the other side of the group of vikings. The terrified humans were effectively between a rock and a hard place.

'You killed the other two, so, can I take care of those four?' SkaÃ° asked, visibly excited as she slowly approached her prey.

'Have fun.' Byleiptr simply replied, looking at his sister approaching the .

Ska° gracefully pounced on the closest viking to her, the one that carried only a double edged axe, pinning him to the ground, making the others back away, scared. She quickly glanced at the other vikings before crushing her prey with her far superior strength. Then she chose her next target, the man with a shield and an axe. She charged at him, shooting a quick fire blast which the viking managed to block with his shield, but at the cost of breaking his arm and losing the piece of equipment. After she took down her second opponent, she slowly turned to search for her next target, but what surprised her was that the viking woman was already near her, taking advantage of the dragon's negligence, managing to deliver a quick slash on her head, leaving a big straight cut from her right earflap to her snout, making the Night Fury move backwards confused and in pain. As Byleiptr saw that, he quickly shot a powerful fire blast, killing the woman with the sword before he jumped from the tree, slowly approaching his sister. But he didn't notice the last remaining viking running towards Ska° with a spear. At the last moment he shot another fire blast, killing the last remaining foe, but not before his spear made contact with the Night Fury's right eye.

At the sudden outburst of pain, the dragon tried to roll over with the foreign object still in the eye. Ska°'s sudden action managed to break the tail of the spear, leaving only the metal blade and a small piece of wood that was still connected to it. Byleiptr quickly approached her and pinned her to the ground, trying to stop her from further harming herself. At first, Ska° tried to fight back, trying to follow her instincts, but after a few minutes of whining and bleeding on the ground and on the other dragon, she stopped. Well, almost. She was still shaking because of the pain and she still tried to slowly back away from Byleiptr, being afraid of the moment when he will have to remove the spearhead. But just a few moments later, Byleiptr pinned her head to the ground with his paw, ignoring the cut on her head. Ska° tried to calm down a little, knowing that this is for the best and that the sooner she would get over with it, the better. But as soon as she felt Byleiptr's snout approaching, fear started to overwhelm her. Her instincts getting stronger as she tried to escape the other's Night Fury's grip. As soon Byleiptr caught the end of the spearhead with his toothless grip, the injured dragon started to fight back and scream in pain, but still not being able to get away. After he fully removed the foreign object from her eye, he released her from his grip, allowing her to roll around and cry in pain until she would finally calm down a little.

After almost two minutes later, Ska° laid near a tree, shaking and crying in pain, most of her head being covered in blood. Her blood. Byleiptr slowly approached her and sat near her, silently cooing. After she looked calm enough, he started to slowly and carefully to lick her cut, cleaning the blood while also leaving traces of saliva on the injury. Dragon's saliva being a disinfectant while also having healing properties, quickly scarifying most wounds.

They stood there for two more days, until Ska°'s pain faded enough to the point where she could concentrate on flying and following her brother back to the nest. Of course that Byleiptr could have left earlier, to try and get some help to carry her back to the nest, but the nest was at three hours of flying from here and he didn't dare to leave her sister alone for six hours unprotected, especially in her current condition. In those two days he hunted and brought food to a

small cave that looked good enough to temporary shelter them against the cold night wind.

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Eleven days later.

Hvite Kongen was flying high in the night's sky, with Baldr, Byleiptr and Melchior close by. They left SkaÃ° at the nest to continue her healing process, it was slightly surprising that she didn't even tried to fight back their decision and that she simply accepted her situation. Her condition wasn't life threatening, not directly at least, the worst case scenario was that she wouldn't recover quick enough to regain most of her abilities and that the Queen might ask for her execution because of that.

The raiding party was slowly approaching the village. Their numbers weren't even that great. Except for the four Night Furies there were six Deadly Nadders and seven Gronckles. Hvite Kongen insisted on taking them raiding on a smaller island at first, wanting to see how they would act in an agitated and rather difficult environment, while not risking to fail bringing anything back to the Queen. He knew that this island would be an easy target. This village only has twenty vikings, from which six are too small and weak to be able to fight. He knew that the raiding party only needed one Night Fury to easily raid this village, but with four Night Furies, this would be way to easy.

Any other Night Fury would have been sent raiding at seventeen moon cycles, but Hvite Kongen managed to delay the 'initiation' of his dragons with almost two years, allowing them to grow more and to have a lot more time for fighting and practicing raids on vikings ships, indirectly increasing their chances of survival on a real raid, but also doing this he also gave them a lot more time for games, making them somehow lazy and childish. And this might be counterproductive on bigger raids where hundreds of dragons are fighting hundreds of vikings, where every mistake could be fatal, where tens of fire blasts and projectiles where flying everywhere, then, there was chaos. Real chaos._._

Sometimes he wished that there would be peace between dragons and vikings, that they could work a truce or something, but he knew that this was close to impossible, since the Queens were way too obsessed about the viking 'unworthy' presence on their hunting grounds and they wanted nothing less than their destruction.

'So, what are we supposed to do?' Melchior asked, waking Hvite Kongen from his line of thoughts.

'You will defend the dragons on the ground from the vikings and you will destroy their defenses if needed.'

'You said there are only about twenty vikings in this village, from whom at least five are too weak to do anything, so we would have the advantage even without us being here.' Byleiptr pointed out.

'Yes.'

'Then why are we even here?'

'Because I want to see how you would act on a raid, without the risk of failing to bring anything back.'

'Then this should be easy.' Baldr said.

'Yes.' Hvite Kongen responded as the other dragons started to dive towards the village. 'Try to keep your distance from the vikings. They have ways to bring you down and then to injure or kill you. Don't engage in close combat, only as a last resort. Now go.'

The three young Night Furies dived down, following the other dragons, but instead of landing on the island and trying to fight the vikings or to steal the livestock, they glided at a safe distance, still hidden by the night's sky. They watched the raid progress from the air, not intervening since it wasn't really needed. After only two minutes since they assaulted the island, three Nadders had already caught four sheep and were now slowly falling back.

Everything was going alright until a group of six vikings started to gather their remaining livestock towards a big building in the center of the village. After a quick check, there were no more animals on the small streets of the village, so they had to take down that building; and with that plan in mind, three Gronckles charged at the vikings defending the warehouse, but they were easily fought back and one of them was pinned to the ground by a net. They still needed more food to bring back to the Queen and since they all knew that four sheep wasn't even close to enough, this was the perfect time for the Night Furies to intervene.

'Maybe we should do something.' Byleiptr said, slowly gliding around, watching the fight bellow.

'You go and free that Gronckle!' Melchior ordered. 'Baldr, you go and bring down that building after Byleiptr succeeds! I'll help you from here.'

And with the orders received, the two dragons dived towards the warehouse. Byleiptr shot two fire blasts near the downed Gronckle, forcing the vikings to back away from the dragon, before he landed near it. He tried to get the net off the dragon while Melchior kept the vikings away from them. After a few clumsy tries, he managed to free the pinned dragon, but quickly after that, four more vikings joined the others to help defend the warehouse. The young Night Fury quickly glanced around, looking at the battlefield, analyzing their situation, then he made a loud roar. His call quickly brought two Deadly Nadders and four Gronckles to join them. For a few moments the two groups just glared at each other, neither one of them really ready to charge at the other, both waiting for a small advantage to bring them victory. After a few seconds the sound of a diving Night Fury created panic among the vikings, making them look scared at the sky, waiting for the imminent blow. And it didn't took long. Melchior shot a few fire blasts at the group of vikings, making them lose their formation, and shortly after that, Baldr crashed into the warehouse, freeing the animals. After that, the dragons quickly flew past the vikings, straight into the warehouse, stealing the livestock and quickly flying back, leaving the village.

In the end, the whole raid didn't last more than ten minutes and the dragons managed to take eleven sheep. The three Night Furies slowly

flew back to Hvite Kongen, waiting for his evaluation, 'It could've been better.' were his words.

'How?! How could have this gone any better?' Baldr barked back.

'We didn't lose anyone, we took all the animals. I think it went pretty well.' Melchior pointed out.

'That Gronckle was pinned down. I told you to take care of the other dragons, you failed to do that. You had to go to save him, risking your lives and the lives of the others around you. You allowed the humans to hide the animals in that building, so you had to break in to take them. You shouldn't have allowed them to do that. This raid could've been over six minutes ago.'

'You didn't say any of that! How were we supposed to know?!' Byleiptr asked, visibly annoyed.

'In a real raid, on a big village, any mistake like that could lead to a real disasters and the death of tens of dragons. On the battlefield or at the nest, by the Queen. In a real fight, a downed dragon, is a dead dragon. And this is a poor village, on a big village, it wouldn't have been so easy to break down into the warehouse. Remember that.'

'But this was a _real _raid!'

'One Night Fury was more than enough for a raid like this. Even an inexperienced one could've done what you did. But you were three, so I had bigger expectations from you,' Hvite Kongen said, making Byleiptr growl angry at him, before flying past him, leaving the Elder Dragons and his brothers behind.

Half a hour later Byleiptr finally arrived at the nest. He ignored all the question about the other dragons that went raiding with him and went straight to the Night Fury's caves. As he approached their cave, he saw Ska° lying on a rock with two younger Night Furies nearby. She looked slightly annoyed by the other two dragons, so when he approached her, he growled at them, making the two younger dragons run away.

'What's with them?' Byleiptr asked, as he sat near a rock nearby.

'They said Hvite Kongen will kill me because I'm not able to shoot or fly with only one eye.'

'First off, he won't kill you, and second, of course you will be able to shot and fly with only one eye. What's the big deal about that?'

'I can't approximate distances with only one working eye.'

'Of course you can.'

'No I can't!' Ska° barked back more aggressive than she initially wanted. She didn't mean to make it sound like that, but the continuous pain, frustration and small glimpses of fear were finally showing up. And she really doubted that she would ever be able to recover enough to be able to raid. 'I tried to fly through a forest

and I hit at least six trees. I tried to go hunting but I wasn't able even to catch a small, weak deer. I can't raid with you, so I'm not of any usage to the Queen, so, Hvite Kongen will have to kill me...'

'He won't...And you'll get better.' Byleiptr cooed, gently nudging her with his snout.

'If he won't do it then the Queen will kill him and then me.'

'We can take down the Queen.' Byleiptr said, making SkaÃ° look wide eyed at him.

'Don't say that! You know what might happen if she is find out that we talked about something like this.'

'My point is that you won't die. You will recover in a few moon cycles, at most, and then we can go raiding.'

'Just if it were that easy.'

'It is that easy.' Byleiptr said, making SkaÃ° look with sad eyes at him.

She only hoped that what he said its true.

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One month later.

SkaÃ°'s injuries had slowly healed to the point where the pain from her eye faded completely. She was still blind with her right eye, but it scarred nicely, the dragon saliva and the usage of some herbs as treatment stopped it from infecting and reduced the healing time by a lot, but there was also a small side effect to this, the treatment she followed made her injured eye fully white, with a small, almost visible grey line in it, while the sword cut scarred almost two weeks ago, leaving a long, visible line from her right earflap to her snout.

Since the injury, her brothers became a lot more protective towards her, never leaving her alone in case she needed something. It was fine with her at first, she was happy with all the attention she got and the chance to rest and do nothing all day. But soon she realized that she needed to join them raiding, to redeem herself in the eyes of the Queen before it is too late. So with the help of her brothers and of Hvite Kongen, she tried to lead various easy raids, showing that she was still a powerful member of the Night Fury family. But her aim was still problematic and even with her previous successful raids, she was still viewed as a dead cause, never being able to reach its full potential. Even if her flying skills recovered to the point where she was as good as before her eye injury, that still wasn't enough for her to be a 'real' Night Fury.

So in order to compensate for her current inability to aim, she started to fight with various dragons, including her brothers, in close combat. It was very difficult at first, but in time she managed to get rather decent at it. She was still no match for Baldr or

Byleiptr, but she wasn't as terrible as before. Now she could actually hold her ground against a Monstrous Nightmare, thing considered difficult for most Night Furies.

But was that enough? The time of fun and games ended quite awhile ago, now her own survival was based on her fighting ability, since that was the only thing she could offer now in raids. Her lack of sight from her right eye was still a huge drawback in front of the other dragons and most of them were sure that she wasn't reliable as a Night Fury. They were sure she was not even reliable at stealing the livestock.

So just as expected, one night, Hvite Kongen received the orders.

He was slowly walking towards the group of four sleeping Night Furies. The Night Furies that he raised. He silently got in front of them and looked at them for a few moments. They looked so calm, so peaceful. If they were on their own he was sure that they would be able to survive, to defeat any challenges. But they weren't. They were still young, inexperienced dragons. Just three years ago, they were just four hatchlings that tried to tackle him down; and now, they were silently sleeping after another short raid. Ska° did surprisingly good for her condition, but it still had to come to this. They looked so calm now, so content with their lives; and he was going to ruin it all.

'Wake up.' He said, gently tugging Ska°, but she covered her head with her tailfin. 'Please wake up, we don't have time for this.' He said again, nudging her harder.

'What...?' Ska° asked, slowly raising her head.

'The Queen sent me to kill you.' He responded at which the younger dragon quickly got up and started to back away, waking her brothers by her sudden movement.

'You won't do that, right?' She asked, visibly panicked.

'Do what?!' Byleiptr quickly interjected.

'The Queen sent me here to kill Ska°.' Hvite Kongen repeated.

'You...You can't... NO! I'll not allow that.' Byleiptr growled, getting between him and Ska°.

'I won't kill her.' Hvite Kongen responded, making the other dragons visibly relax.

'Then why are you here?' Ska° asked.

'The Queen knows that I won't be able to kill you, so she will send more dragons after you. And if any of us will try to protect you, the rest of the nest will join the fight and I'm sure that we won't be able to defeat them all.'

'Then why are you here?' Melchior asked.

'I've come to warn you.' Hvite Kongen began to say, then he slowly lowered his head, looking sad at the ground. 'Ska° must

run.'

'What?!' SkaÃ° said, visibly surprised, not even trying to hide the fact that she was terrified by her current situation.

'She can't survive in the wildness alone!' Byleiptr interjected.

'She has to.'

'I'll go with her.'

'No. If you do that, then the Queen will send more dragons after you and will not stop the hunt since you betrayed her. But if she goes alone, in her condition, the Queen will think that she will die in the wildness and abandon the search for her. So she must go alone, it's her only chance. And you should trust your sister more, I do believe that she's the only one of all of you that would be able to survive on her own.'

'I don't want to go...' SkaÃ° said, almost crawling towards Hvite Kongen.

'There's no other way. But you'll be alright, I have faith in you.' He responded, hugging her with his right paw.

'There must be another way!' Byleiptr barked, slowly walking towards them.

'There isn't...' Melchior responded, also approaching them, with Baldr near him. SkaÃ° repeated the small hug with her other two brothers, until she got face to face with Byleiptr. The two favorites brothers just looked at each other for a few moments, until they slowly brought their foreheads together.

'I'm scared.' SkaÃ° slowly said.

'I can come with you.' Byleiptr replied.

'Then we would both die. It's not worth it.'

'You won't die.'

'I hope you're right.'

'Look at the good side, you won't have to stay here and bring food to the royal worm. You can fly free and sleep under the night's sky.'

'I wish nothing more than to stay here and bring food to the royal worm...' SkaÃ° slowly replied, making them to sit in silence for a few moments.

'I'll try to finish the reign of the Queen, so that you could return.'

'Don't do something stupid.'

'Meet me on the closest magma island from here to the sun-rise at every white moon.'

'I'll try.' SkaÃ° responded, slowly backing away from him. 'Take care, sleepy cat.'

'You too, little toad.' Byleiptr responded, looking as his sister quickly flew away from the Night Fury's caves.

'Do you think she'll manage?' Baldr asked.

'Of course she'll manage.' Byleiptr answered, slowly flying towards the exit of the nest. He saw a group of dragons quickly flying past him, exiting the nest, with a Rumblehorn close by. He was sure they were going after SkaÃ°, but he really doubted their ability to catch her. So he flew outside the nest and sat on a small cliff nearby, looking in the distance at the group of dragons flying after his sister. He sat there, in the rain, for a few hours, until the dragons had returned. They all said that they caught and killed SkaÃ°, but none of them had even a scratch, and he was sure that SkaÃ° wouldn't go down without a fight. So he really doubted their statement.

At the first white moon, he went to the closest magma island to the sun-rise.

He was alone on that island.

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Two years later.

This was the eighth raid of the village that liked to call themselves 'The Bog-Burglars' on which the three dragons took part in. This village was the only big one in the Queens territory, holding a huge amount of food and livestock. So it was rather logical to raid this village with the most experienced and powerful dragons, but also to increase the chances of success, there were about two hundred extra dragons to help the raid. So about three hundred dragons in total, were about to raid a huge, well armed village with almost two hundred vikings. In theory, the dragons had the advantage, successfully raiding this village hundreds of times before.

The plan was pretty straight forward: The Zipplebacks were supposed to create chaos, the Gronckles and Hotburples were supposed to fight off the vikings while the Nadders were supposed to take the livestock. The Monstrous Nightmares were there as an extra line of defense for the Deadly Nadders and the Rumblehorns were supposed to find the buildings where the animals were hidden and take them down, allowing the other dragons to quickly take the prey. And the Night Furies were there to protect all the dragons and to make sure that they did their job.

Twenty Night Furies were up in the night's sky, gliding and taking out the catapults or small groups of vikings that managed to corner a dragon. This group was leaded by Byleiptr, because today, Hvite Kongen came with a plan that would make the future raids on this village a lot easier. This wasn't the first time Byleiptr led a raid all on his own. It happened a few times before and almost every raid was a success. His quick thinking and flying speed allowed him to help a lot of dragons on previous raids and to create a lot of problems and confusion for the vikings. His actions making him gain the respect of the other dragons and the Queen, to a certain

extent.

Hvite Kongen's plan was quite simple, but yet it might change all their future raids. He and six other large Night Furies had surrounded the village from the forest, wanting to find what building the vikings kept getting their weapons from, so that they could destroy it, making the humans less prepared for future raids. Or at least a few raids after this one.

The seven dragons were hiding in the trees or tall bushes, watching the village. Each one of them was alone, so that in case they were spotted, they would be able to retreat easily and without gaining too much unwanted attention. But if everything would go as planned and they would manage to find the right building, they would all meet at the closest place hidden in the forest from the specific building. And from there they would be able to charge through the village bringing chaos and havoc on the way.

The plan looked great in theory.

Melchior has hidden in a tree, watching as four vikings were charging after a Monstrous Nightmare. He honestly found this plan useless, because this village was just as important for them as it was for the other viking villages nearby and he really doubted that the other humans wouldn't try to help it after their attack. So the humans could get all their weapons back in a matters of weeks, or even days. In the end, making this plan almost useless. They wouldn't be able to gain enough from the future raids to pay for the effort and losses this plan cost them.

After the Monstrous Nightmare disappeared from sight with the other vikings after it, he noticed a small group of three vikings walking towards the forest, where he was hidden. So he stealthily jumped from the tree he was in and started to crawl towards a better position where he wouldn't be spotted. He was now sitting behind a rather big fallen tree, watching the village, when he heard a branch crack behind him. Melchior quickly turned and pinned down the intruder to a nearby tree.

It was a viking. A female by the looks of it. She didn't looked big and old like the others, but she still looked strong enough to be able to fight like her compatriots. She looked scared at him, but also curious. She was pinned to a tree by a dragon six time her size and she looked curious? Melchior slowly tilted his head, his eyes slowly dilating, looking confused and rather amazed at her. (Note: Melchior has a minor understanding of the humans language because of his previous interactions with them on raids. The girl can't understand him.)

"Well, aren't you something new?" The girl slowly asked, trying to measure the dragon. Melchior didn't respond, he just kept staring at the girl. "I've never seen a dragon like you." She stated after that.

'Like me?'

"What are you doing here anyway?" She asked, at which Melchior tilted his head the other way, still looking confused at her, "Would you mind letting me down? This tree isn't that comfortable." She said, trying to move and push his paw down, to free herself, at which

Melchior put more pressure on her, growling quietly and his eyes slowly turning to slits. "Sorry! I won't do that!" The girl quickly responded at his actions, raising her hands in a sign of surrender. That slightly calmed Melchior. "But really now, can you let me down, please." She said, gaining no response from the dragon, "What about this, then. Just please don't hurt me..." She said, taking a few deep breaths. For the first time since this encounter started, her eyes showed more fear than curiosity. She raised her left hand, so that Melchior could see it, then with her right hand she slowly unequipped a small hatchet from her waist. She held it in the most unaggressive way, holding it furthest away from her body and from the dragon, but also making sure that he saw the weapon first. When Melchior saw the weapon, he instantly started to growl angrily, showing his fangs and increasing the pressure with which he pinned her to the tree. The girl closed her eyes shut and awkwardly threw the weapon away, hoping that the dragon wouldn't kill her. And to her surprise, Melchior slowly backed away from her, letting her fall to the ground with a thud.

"You didn't kill me." The girl quickly pointed out.

'No, I didn't.'

"You didn't kill me!" She said again, finishing with a laugh. "Gods! I'm alive!"

'Yes, I didn't kill you. You're alive. Stop yelling!'

"Who's there?!" A person yelled, heavy footsteps walking towards them.

"Oh no. Hide here." The girl quietly said, pushing the Night Fury behind the fallen tree. Two huge and hairy vikings women appeared from behind a tree. They were slowly walking towards her.

"Ã~ruggr?! What are you doing here?!" One of them yelled at her.

"You should be in the village, fighting!" The other one said.

"I-I just heard a noise here and I wanted to check out to make sure there aren't any dragons trying to ambush us from here. Yes. That's what I'm doing." She said in one breath, pushing down the dragon that kept trying to get out from behind the log.

"All those youngsters are cowards." One of them said, starting to walk away.

"Let's hope that Camicazi won't be like this." The other one replied.

After the two women were far away to not hear her anymore, she turned to look at the dragon. Melchior was awkwardly trying to look at her hand on his snout, making Ã~ruggr laugh at his expression.

"Not only that I found a dragon and I didn't try to kill it, but now those two fat pigs will say to everyone in the village that I ran from your raid." Ã~ruggr said, gently petting his snout. "By the way, my name is Ã~ruggr if you didn't pay attention to what just happened."

'Ã~ruggr.' Melchior repeated.

"You are quite friendly, aren't you? If we ignore the part when you wanted to crush me to a tree. Do you have a name?"

Melchior nodded.

"D-Do you actually understand me?" She asked surprised.

Melchior didn't do anything.

"Do you understand _some _words I use?"

He didn't do anything in response.

"Uhm... Do you know," She began to say slowly, pointing to her head, "some words that I," she pointed to herself, "say, speak, talk?" she finished, making a small mouth with her hand that opens and closes, mimicking the humans talk.

Melchior nodded.

"That's amazing!" She said, laughing, "I can't believe I'm talking with a dragon!" She kept petting him for a few more minutes. "I think I should get going. I don't want everyone in the village to laugh at me for not fighting any dragons."

Melchior nudged her, making her turn around and look smiling at him. She approached him and awkwardly hugged the huge dragon.

"I really have to get going now. If you can we could meet in a clearing, deeper in the forest. Not a lot of vikings walk through this forest because they are afraid of wild dragons. But they don't even bother to look at you if you just ignore them. Most of the persons from this village just don't know that not everything is combat." She said, slowly starting to walk away from the Night fury. But just as she walked pass a tree, a Gronckle rammed at her, hitting her to a tree. At the sight of that, Melchior quickly charged at the Gronckle and pinned him to the ground, near the vikings girl. He quickly glanced at the injured girl, coughing blood, then back at the dragon. He slowly charged a fire blast and killed the dragon that dared to hurt his human. Then he slowly approached Ã~ruggr, gently nudging her.

"Wow... A dragon killed another dragon that hurt me. I haven't seen that happen before. Thanks." Ã~ruggr said, using Melchior's head as support to slowly get up and lean on the tree near her. She took a few deep breaths to calm the pain.

After not even a minute, six other Night Furies landed near them, one of them being a very angry Hvite Kongen.

"Friends of yours?" Ã~ruggr asked sarcastically.

'I hope.' Melchior replied.

'What's the meaning of this?!' The Elder Dragon barked, looking at the dead Gronckle near them and at the viking girl, leaning on Melchior for support.

'That Gronckle hurt Æ~ruggr and I killed it for that.' Melchior answered honestly.

'Æ~ruggr?! The human?!'

'Yes.'

"I hope I didn't create any big problems between you and your friends here." Æ~ruggr said, slowly petting Melchior's head.

'You betrayed your own kind for a human?' Hvite Kongen asked with a disappointed look.

'She threw her weapon away. She defended me from two of her own kind after I pinned her to a tree and almost killed her. And that Gronckle charged at her without any real reasons.'

'She defended you?'

'Æ~ruggr hid me behind that log while she distracted the two vikings that came here. She risked her own life to hide me. Me. A dragon. An enemy to her kind.' Melchior responded with almost begging eyes.

Hvite Kongen looked at the two of them, before quickly glancing at the dead Gronckle, a few feet nearby. 'She's injured.' He pointed out in the end.

'I know.'

'Lie her down.' Hvite Kongen commanded. Melchior carefully lowered his head, making Æ~ruggr to slowly bow down with him.

"Stop! It hurts!" She almost yelled at some point, making Melchior to quickly get back up. "What are you doing?"

'You need to lie down.' Melchior said, nudging her and then pointing to the ground.

"What's there?" Æ~ruggr asked, looking at the ground where Melchior pointed.

'No, you need to lie down.' He repeated, lying down, hoping that she can understand from his actions.

"You want me to lie down?" She asked at which Hvite Kongen nodded. "Fine, I guess. Can you help me?" Æ~ruggr asked. Melchior got up and carefully helped Æ~ruggr to lie down near the tree. She cough a few times, spitting blood on the dragon and the grass.

Hvite Kongen slowly approached them and shot small bluish blast at her, scanning her. To Æ~ruggr's surprise, the blast didn't hurt her, it only tingled a little and that made her cough, spitting more blood.

The Elder Dragon backed away a little before saying to the other Night Furies. 'You should go.'

'We won't leave you here with a traitor.' One of them barked

back.

'If I have to repeat myself again, then only six Night Furies will return to the nest.' He threatened, making the other dragons fly away.

"What happened?" Ã~ruggr asked.

'Melchior, she won't survive.' Hvite Kongen slowly said, looking at his apprentice with sad eyes.

'Why?! She can't be that injured!' The younger dragon barked back.

'She's bleeding internally. In a few minutes she won't be able to breathe anymore and asphyxiate. She can't survive this.'

'Then what am I supposed to do?!' Melchior barked.

"Hey." Ã~ruggr slowly said, gently petting the Night Furies leg, feeling the dragon suddenly tense. "Don't worry. At least you're alright."

Melchior slowly turned towards her and started to nudge her with his snout.

"Am I going to die?" Ã~ruggr asked the white dragon, who silently nodded in response, "Will it be painful?" The dragon nodded again, "Can you ask Melchior to help me? Please, I don't like pain."

'Melchior,' Hvite Kongen began. ' Ã~ruggr asks you to end her suffering.'

The younger dragon looked at his human with sad eyes, receiving small tears in response.

"Please..." The girl begged, wiping the tears away with her sleeve.

'I'll do it.' Melchior responded in the end, slowly turning around to look at Hvite Kongen fly away from them.

"Can you just make it...not painful?" Ã~ruggr asked, looking slightly tired and scared at the dragon. "Isn't this funny?" She asked, looking at the tree above her, before slowly closing her eyes. "I just made a friend today, who is a dragon. A dragon from the same group of dragons that kept attacking this village for years." Melchior approached her, giving her small licks on the face wiping the tears and blood away. Ã~ruggr opened her eyes and looked at the dragon. "I still have a question. Are you a Night Furry?" She asked at which Melchior silently nodded. "The offspring of lighting and death itself. You look a lot more calm from here. Hel! You look like a cute overgrown cat." She said with a laugh, looking back at the tree. "Wouldn't be nice if this tree was Yggdrasil?" She closed her eyes again. "To be killed by a Night Fury under Yggdrasil. That would have been...something..." Melchior slowly brought his paw above her head, readying a claw. "At least I won't hear the stupid villagers say I hid this raid. I'd be too dead to hear them. Ha! Killed by a dragon." She said, carefully putting her hand on Melchior's paw,

weakly petting it. "By a Night Fury. How many vikings can say that? I've been killed by a Night Fury... By a friend..."

After a few seconds of hesitation, Melchior left a quick and deep cut on her neck, hoping that the loss of blood will be quick enough for her to not feel the pain from his clumsy cut. He stood there for a few minutes, ignoring the blood slowly covering his paws, looking at her cold hand still on his paw.

He was mourning the loss of a friend. The death of a _viking_. _His_ viking.

.

One hour later.

Melchior was staying in front of the Queen. Twelve other dragons near him, making sure he wasn't able to run away. Even if Hvite Kongen ignored his previous interaction with the humans, the other Night Furies that witnessed it weren't that forgiving towards him. So here he stood. Preparing to receive his punishment from the dragon that offered them 'protection' all those decades. From the dragon that almost brought them to the verge of extinction.

'You betrayed us.' The Queen said after a few minutes of silence.

'I helped a friend.' Melchior responded.

'You killed one of my dragons. To protect a pathetic little human.'

'That human defended me in front of two vikings. She protected me without asking anything in return. Not all humans want to be at war with us, some of them can look pass that. Some of them want peace.' Melchior said.

'Hvite Kongen, kill this pathetic worm that stands here, before me.' The Queen ordered, coldly.

The Elder Dragon glanced at the Queen, then at his young apprentice. After a few moments of silence, he said. 'No.'

'I was expecting you to betray me, Hvite Kongen, but not so soon.' The Queen looked at him. 'You are now of no further usage to me. From now on, Byleiptr will be my right wing. You are far more intelligent and talented than all those worms from your family. You are respected by all the dragons in this nest, so, you are the one that should lead the raids from now on.' The Queen finished, looking at Byleiptr.

The young Night Fury timidly stepped forwards, approaching the huge dragon. 'I...I...'

'Your first order is to kill Hvite Kongen and Melchior.' The Queen interrupted him.

'I agree. You should be the one that leads the dragons.' Hvite Kongen commented.

'There will be no Alpha as long as I live!' The Queen growled. A few dragons began to fly away, afraid of the events that might

happen.

'You're a huge worm. You did nothing but to eat and kill dragons. You shouldn't even be called Queen.' Hvite Kongen said, dodging the Queen as she jumped over to him, trying to eat him, 'Baldr, Byleiptr! You two distract the Queen! Melchior, you come with me! We will end this now!' The Elder Dragon roared, before flying away with Melchior from the base of the empty volcano. Their plan was to destroy, or at least weaken the pillars that supported the small island, in the end, resulting in the fall of the small volcano over the Queen, hopefully crushing her under the heavy rocks.

Baldr charged at the Queen, jumping from the small platform that lead to her, managing to climb on her head, while Byleiptr was flying and shooting at her. Most of the dragons fled when the Queen was distracted enough to weaken the link on them, failing to control them. But a few of them remained and were attacking the monstrous dragon, trying to help the two Night Furies. The fight with the Queen was unorganized and simply chaotic. Small explosions and fire everywhere, growls and roars filling the cave. But Baldr did the most damage to the Queen. By being on her head and managing to walk on it, getting in a good position to be able to puncture her eyes on the right side, causing her a lot of pain and bringing her to the verge of desperation. In a violent attempt to get rid of Baldr, the Queen smashed her head on the side of the cave, making small rocks and boulders to fall from the ceiling. Unfortunately, she managed to hit Baldr, making him fall and disappear in the volcanic ashes. After that, the Queen quickly turned her attention towards the other dragons, releasing a huge cloud of flames, hoping to incinerate the traitors that dared to fight against her.

Most of the dragons managed to flee from the flames, successfully avoiding her initial attack. After the few moments the Queen took to regain her strength, she tried to launch her second attack, preparing to release another cloud of flames. But this one was prematurely ignited by a Deadly Nadder that was too close to the huge dragon. In the end creating an explosion, making the Queen panic, but only managing to hit herself to the walls of the small volcano, making a few small cracks in the ceiling. Soon after that, the walls were shocked by totally different reason.

The volcano was starting to fall down. The plan worked.

The dragons started to fly towards the closest exit. But Byleiptr flew towards the caves, hoping that Hvite Kongen and Melchior were able to escape. He dodged the falling rocks until he saw a large pool of blood pouring from under a boulder. He landed near it, looking at the dying dragon.

Melchior was trying to move the boulder from Hvite Kongen, but to no use.

'What happened?' Byleiptr asked, slowly walking in front of the Elder Dragon.

'The caves started to fall sooner than I initially expected.' Hvite Kongen answered calmly.

'The Queen is half blinded and the walls were falling on her when I left.' Byleiptr said.

'I supposed that Baldr didn't managed to escape.'

'No...'

'What are you doing?! Help me move this!' Melchior said, looking annoyed at his brother.

'It's no use. More than half of his body is under that rock. He won't survive.' Byleiptr responded, making Melchior to slowly give up.

'Byleiptr, are you sure that the Queen won't survive?' The Elder Dragon asked.

'Yes.'

'Then I'm the Alpha.' Hvite Kongen slowly said. 'The one that defeats the Alpha will become the new Alpha. Byleiptr, you have to kill me.'

'What?'

'Melchior here is your witness so you will become the new Alpha. You must take care of the family. I believe you can.'

'No...'

'You have to.'

'No!'

'You can't deny a direct order from the Alpha.' The Elder Dragon barked.

'I will not kill you and I won't take the role of Alpha!'

'By doing that you are ignoring our hierarchy and betraying your family! Is this what you want?'

'I won't kill you!'

'Very well.' Hvite Kongen replied, looking defeated at the younger dragon. 'From now on, you won't receive any respect or recognition from any of us. You will be treated like a stranger, like an outsider. We will only remember you as a traitor. From now on your name will be Waelise.'

Byleiptr just looked at him for a few moments, then he made a small, respectful bow, before saying. 'It was an honor to serve under you, Hvite Kongen. Melchior, take care of the other dragon.' He finished, before slowly turning around and starting to fly towards the exit. He glanced one more time towards the two Night Furies, at the last two dragons he considered family. As he finally exited the falling volcano, he ignored all the dragons and flew past them, leaving them confused. A few of them tried to follow him, but he had the night to his advantage and with his superior speed he easily surpassed them.

Soon after Byleiptr left, Melchior carried on Hvite Kongen's orders,

becoming the Alpha. He slowly got out of the falling volcano and flew towards the confused dragons, all looking at him.

'Byleiptr refused to carry a direct order from the Alpha, so he had been marked as a traitor and exiled from our family. He accepted his sentence, so his new name will be Waelise, as a reminder of his betrayal.' Melchior said, looking at the dragons. 'I've killed the last Alpha so now that role its assigned to me. I will do all I can to protect you. All of you. And to take care of the remaining Night Furies.'

The thunderous cries of the fellow dragons echoed inside the caves. The reign of the queen had come to an end, but at a terrible price.

* * *

><p>And that's about it. The final chapter will be uploaded next week, same time, same place. Please leave your opinion about the story so far.

3. Missing

** As always, thanks to P-Artsypants for being my beta and for her support in writing this story and this chapter.

>

Anyway, I hope you liked this small story because this is the final chapter. Next week I'll resume updating A New Legend.

* * *

><p>Ten years later.<p>

Berk. Probably the biggest village in the entire Barbaric Archipelago. Most likely the richest and with the most fertile ground. But surely the coldest one that Byleiptr ever raided.

The Night Fury was carefully gliding above the village, watching the dragons bringing chaos among the vikings, well, to some extent. This village was also a lot more capable of defending itself than the other he had to raid. The Bog-Burglars was probably the easiest one to raid. The vikings there only managing to cause problems once they caught a dragon, but being mostly incapable until then. An exception to that village was Æruggr, she managed to create quite a few problems in just a single raid. Another memorable village was the one on the rocky islands, the Outcasts. Those vikings always had a lot of nasty traps, managing to bring down dragons and they were also very good fighters, but also extremely disorganized. The dragons didn't really have to create chaos, the vikings were doing a pretty good on their own. Then there was this village. Berk. Those vikings were extremely skilled in combat and almost always managing to bring down dragons with a lot of innovative methods, not to mention the numerous catapults that were also creating a lot of problems. But most of the raids, this village managed to somehow destroy all their advantage and lose a lot of livestock. Even after seven years of raiding this frozen village, he still couldn't quite understand how they always manage to screw-up.

As he watched a group of three Nadders being pinned to the ground with a huge net, he instantly thought about how helpful would've Baldr been in this situation. He would just charge at the vikings, roar a few times, even hit a few of them with his tail, allowing the Nadders to free themselves. He misses the big dragon that gave his life fighting the Queen.

The fight with the Queen. The result of a series of small events. A disastrous result of a series of unexpected and sad events.

As the years passed by and as he watched from the distance how Melchior's reigns was doing, he realized that they had done a huge mistake killing the Queen. Melchior was way too weak to defend the remaining dragons and the fact that most of them didn't even trust him, because he defended a human, didn't helped. One year after the death of the Queen most dragons just moved away from the small group, abandoning the Alpha. Even a lot of Night Furies flew away. Most of the dragons didn't listen to Melchior, making hunting for food very difficult, in turn, creating more problems. Sometimes he wished that he would have killed Hvite Kongen and become the Alpha, at least most dragons would've listen to him and maybe the Night Furies would still exist.

Three years after the Queen's death, after he was found and forced to join a new Queen, one that treated him like a trophy, he heard that Melchior's group was attacked by an army sent by another Queen, in the end, killing most of the dragons, including all the Night Furies. He still heard of small groups of Night Furies that ran away before the attack and that still live on small islands, hidden from the other dragons and vikings, but he never saw another one of his species, so he doubted that. After almost six years of searching, between the raids he had to go on because of the new Queen, he still found no sign of any other Night Fury. Making him the last one of his species, for all he knew. And that made him sad, but also a little proud. He was the last one alive from a prestigious and ancient dragon family. But that created a few other problems. Since he was the last Night Fury, everyone knew him by the name of Waelise, so he couldn't hide the fact that he denied a direct order from his Alpha and that he lost all his honor and the respect of others, on which he worked so hard to receive in the first place. The name of Waelise was a constant reminder that maybe he could've saved his family if he tried a different course of action.

But what family did he have left?

Baldr died in the fight with the Queen.

Hvite Kongen was killed by a boulder after the Queen fight. Most likely Melchior ended his suffering, but still that boulder was the main cause of his death.

After he refused to kill Hvite Kongen, Melchior looked at his remaining brother like a traitor. He even heard that his brother wanted to hunt him for betraying the old Alpha. So his own brother wanted to kill him. But Byleiptr would have forgiven everything if Melchior wasn't so stubborn and blinded by a misplaced rage and wish of revenge. Anyway, the respective Night Fury died in the attack that killed most of his own species, so it was too late to forgive him now.

And Ska° died two years prior to the Queen fight. Her death was the one that really affected him. After he visited the magma island, where he told her to meet him, and after he checked it and saw that it was empty, he lost all hope. He stood on that island for almost a week, waiting for his sister, not eating and refusing to come back to the nest. In the end, he was carried back by Hvite Kongen, after he was too weak to fight them back. Even now, he didn't acknowledge the fact that she died.

Ska° would've liked this island. A lot of possible targets to unleash her destructive tendencies. Yes. She would've most likely enjoy raiding Berk. Even the island was a lot bigger than the one where the Bog-Burglars village was on.

A Zippleback's explosion caught his attention. He flew over the plaza of the village, analyzing the situation. He quickly got to a conclusion, the same conclusion he got to, many years before, that all those dragons are imbeciles that couldn't work together even if their life depended on it. The proof of that was that their life really depended on it. If they failed to bring enough food back, they were going to pay for it with their lives. It still annoyed Byleiptr that this Queen was also punishing her subjects. He really hoped that not all those dragons were the same, but he was disappointed once more. So because of some hidden feeling of responsibility and protection, he tried to defend as many dragons as he could, allowing them to get just enough food for the royal worm. He was sure that if just two more Night Furies were with him, they would be able to protect all the dragons, allowing them to get enough food for the Queen so that no one of them would have to be eaten themselves.

A Monstrous Nightmare burst through the stairs of a trebuchet, situated on a rock near the island of Berk. There Byleiptr saw the bulky man that looked like the viking's leader. Their leader was a fat, big, strong and hairy viking. He alone managed to fight off a lot of dragons and even stand his ground and defeat a Monstrous Nightmare on his own. He was surely the best warrior in the entire village. But Byleiptr didn't like that man. He always managed to capture a few dragons, creating problems back at the nest. The Nightmare was hit a few times with his weapon, so Byleiptr took that as his time to strike. He started to dive, preparing one of his six shots for this trebuchet. As the other dragon heard him, it flew away from the rock, giving the Night Fury the best chance of taking down the huge device.

And so he did. The three vikings that were on it quickly jumped down, abandoning the small rock.

This was too easy for him. But not the same could be said about the other dragons.

Some of them were starting to fall back with their prey, so that meant that this raid was almost over. He saw another trebuchet in the distance and he started to dive towards it, wanting to create some problems for the humans on the long term. After he blew up the huge device, a net wrapped around him, blocking his wings and making him fall down towards the forest. He fell through some trees, finally hitting the ground and stopping after leaving a deep trail of dirt of a few feet.

After a few seconds from the impact, he fell unconscious.

A few hours later he finally woke up. His wings were immobilized and he couldn't get up from the ground. He struggled with the net for a few minutes, not managing only to tighten it, leaving small cuts on his scales from the rope. The Night Fury soon gave up and started to call for other dragons, roaring and barking as loud as he could. But to no use. After almost another hour, he gave up. He closed his eyes and waited for a human or dragon to find him and kill him.

Almost another hour later, he felt something touching his neck, so he growled, struggling a little with the net, scaring the viking. After a few more seconds, he felt the human approaching him again, so he slowly opened his eyes, looking at the viking that had the honor to kill the last Night Fury.

The human looked curious at first, then he quickly started to look pitiful at him. The last Night Fury didn't want the pity of a tiny, skinny human. The viking boy took a few deep breaths before preparing his knife.

"I'm going to kill you dragon. Then I'm gonna - I'm gonna cut out your heart and bring it to my father. I am a viking. I am a viking!" The human boy said, almost yelling the last part.

The viking raised his knife above his head, preparing to strike him down, in that time the Night Fury was looking at him with almost begging eyes. This little viking had the power to destroy a species of dragon. One of the oldest and most prestigious ones that ever lived in this archipelago. After the boy gave no sign of wanting to spare him, Byleiptr slowly closed his eyes, allowing him to finish the job.

A few seconds had passed and nothing happened. He stopped listening to his surroundings until the sound of rope being cut got his attention. The Night Fury snapped his eyes opened as he felt the tension applied to his wings diminishing. A few moments after that and the ropes fell lose on the ground near him. So the dragon did just as any other dragon would do on a similar situation. He pounced on the viking, pinning him to the ground.

Now it was the human's turn to be scared. Now it was his turn to be at the mercy of his attacker. The Night Fury was holding down the viking near a small rock. He looked at his rival's eyes, reading the fear written into them. He was preparing to kill the viking. The viking that just spared his life. The viking that just freed him. Then Byleiptr remembered how Melchior defended a human girl in front of the other dragons. He said that this girl protected him from the other vikings, so it seemed right to protect her from the dragons. Didn't this boy just did exactly the same thing? He freed him so that he could escape, making sure that the other vikings wouldn't find him and kill him. This viking boy just saved his life. A human saved the life of a dragon. So he would return the favor, just roaring at the young viking before running away.

Now they were even. Or so it seemed.

* * *

><p>Well, I hope you liked the ending. It does seem a little

'empty' for my liking, but it looks alright, I
guess.

****Anyway, please leave your opinion on this story and don't hesitate
to ask any questions if you feel like it.****

End
file.